

Republican — — Club

1896.

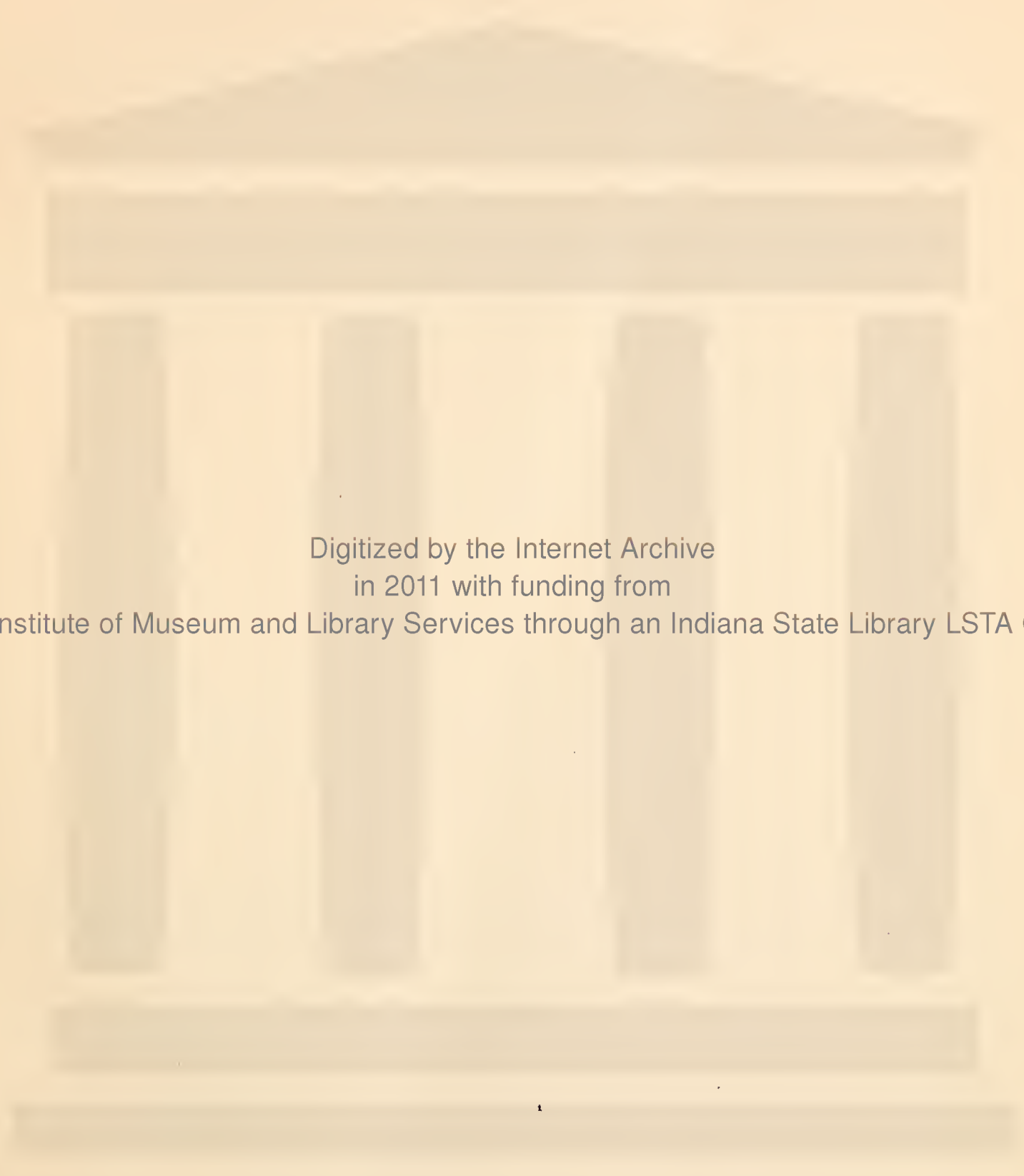
Dinner
held at Delmonico's
on the
Eighty-seventh Anniversary
of the Birthday of
Abraham Lincoln
February 12th, 1896.

1860

1861

1862

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1864
1865
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1868
1869
1870



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PROCEEDINGS
AT
THE TENTH ANNUAL DINNER
OF THE
REPUBLICAN
CLUB
OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

CELEBRATED AT DELMONICO'S ON THE EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNI-
VERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FEBRUARY 12th, 1896



NEW YORK
PRESS OF ALFRED D. BEEKEN
19 WARREN STREET





LINCOLN DINNER. REPUBLICAN CLUB.

Delmonico's, Feb. 12, 1896.

GUEST

TABLE.

1

A. H. Fischer
Wm. C. Taylor
F. G. Howe
D. O. Wickham
Amos L. Barber
Edward C. Jones
John F. Everhart
L. L. Van Allen

2

Dr. J. Clarke Thomas
E. A. Newall
J. R. Truesdell
G. A. Morrison
John H. Wood
Frederick Billings
John French
C. N. Painter

3

Abraham Graber
Dr. Wm. T. Bull
Frederick Worth
A. Allen Hand
Jno. V. Lamache
F. Norton Goodard
Warren N. Goodard
Herman Kratochstein
E. A. Sumner

4

Stephen W. Rinch
Charles B. Fage
Rev. Dr. George Cleaver
S. W. Bowen
S. S. Stewart
Peter Zacher
Samuel Zacher
George West
Lucina Knapp

5

Bradford Rhodes
Elean Lewis
David Cronwell
A. Noel Blackman
Thomas R. Hodge
Leventt F. Crunk
Samuel C. Miller
Henry W. Sackett

6

Ellis H. Roberts
S. M. Milliken
A. G. Paine
Wm. Mitchell
T. Asley Atkins
Brace Hayden
Anson G. McCook
H. W. Cannon

7

George W. English
F. R. Houghton
W. F. Wakeman
J. P. Hitchcock
Jay P. Lutz
Wm. C. Roberts
John E. Hodge
John D. Norris

8

Wm. S. Bagg
F. P. Purcell, Jr.
I. Albert Keglehart
James W. Perry
Phillip Carpenter
Nicholas C. Downs
Robert N. Kenyon
Wm. H. Kenyon

9

John W. Jacobs
A. J. Cammeyer
Charles Cantrell
James H. Breslin
Robert Dunlap
George C. Waldo
Hiram Merritt
Thomas B. Underhill

27

Wm. H. Becker
Smith Lent
Dr. C. A. Becker
John V. Crockett

28

Wm. H. Cogswell
C. E. Hughes
John H. Knapp
Thomas A. Gardner

10

Wm. D. Murphy
S. P. Avery
J. Horace Harding
A. B. Atkins
Geo. H. Coates
Wm. C. Kellogg
Wm. N. Adams
Walter Mason

11

C. F. Homer
Charles Smith
Albert Tilt
D. M. Kellogg
C. Lambert
C. H. Patrick
T. F. Wentworth
Guest T. F. Wentworth

12

Arthur L. Merriam
Wm. J. Easton
Charles P. Loring
Frederick D. Field
Warren M. Hesley
Frank H. Crumble
James S. Lehnauer
Benjamin E. Hall

13

James L. Wandling
R. C. Post
Wm. Pelagier
Charles R. Skinner
J. A. Greene
Charles F. Teale
Alfred R. Conkling
Howard Conkling

29

E. Francis Hyde
C. C. Browne
Wm. Rowland
John C. Kafer

14

Henry Gleason
Edmund Wetmore
Nathaniel Niles
Eliah Root
Samuel B. Clarke
Oren Root, Jr.
John Proctor Clarke
Francis M. Scott

15

P. C. Lonsbury
John W. Vrooman
E. M. F. Miller
A. S. Apper
L. H. Biglow
E. V. Gambier
George H. Robertson
T. L. Woodruff

16

James A. Blanchard
Henry de F. Baldwin
John H. Knapp
John C. De L. Vergue
Samuel G. French
Montague Lesler
Wm. L. Fudley
O. H. LaGrange

17

Henry V. Parsel
Henry V. Parsel, Jr.
S. V. Schoonmaker
Hiram Schoonmaker
R. G. Scott
Frederick F. Morris
L. M. L. Ehlers
George H. Clarke

30

Emil Kinke
C. C. Browne
I. M. Hedges
Wilbur F. Brown

18

James P. Foster
Dr. E. S. Peck
Edward Schenck
Dr. Edward F. Brush
James P. Hayes
Alfred B. Price
Mortimer C. Addoms
John Sahoe Smith

19

Henry L. Stoddard
Rev. J. Martin Hodson
Benjamin Northrop
Charles C. Colby
Augustus D. Shepard
Wm. D. Howells
C. C. Shyne
James Talcott

20

George Clinton Batchelder
George C. Miller
Wm. H. Rockfellow
Benjamin Shepard
Henry R. De Milt
Jacob Kahn
P. S. Costello
Paul D. Cravath

21

Joseph M. Denel
H. C. Kudlich
Henry L. Einstein
Wm. Henry
Samuel McMillan
Wm. Jenks Merritt
Henry Birrell
Alexander Caldwell

32

M. D. Thatcher
Wm. F. Havenney
A. E. Reynolds
Hal Bell

22

C. H. Treat
A. H. Steele
C. H. Denison
H. C. Du Val
Albert R. Shattuck
Putnam Bradley Strong
J. Edgar Leyscraft
Albert Bellamy

23

Richard Deeves
F. B. Tharber
Alfred A. Kirkus
J. H. Deves
Wm. H. Hume
George H. Wooster
Dr. Henry C. Pierson
Frederick T. Hume

24

A. H. Gleason
Martin Saxe
Dr. J. Silverman
R. W. Barry
Dr. Thos. H. Dilligohan
E. A. Bigelow
Robert G. Mead, Jr.
E. C. O'Brien
S. B. Eldine

25

Herbert Booth King
John W. Godt
Louis Stern
J. G. Kuegelman
Simon H. Stern
Isaac Stern
R. E. A. Dorr
Charles E. Rushmore
Joseph Corbit

26

A. Blumenthal
Hugo Meyer
Polix Meyer
Morris J. Hirsch
G. B. Libby
H. L. Jordan
Donald McLenn
Pierre J. Smith
John T. Leckman

33

Edwila W. Harris
Wm. A. Campbell
Wm. Babcock, Jr.
C. S. Gied
Oide J. Whitlock
Merrett E. Haviland
Frank Williams
Lee C. Hart

34

George M. Wright
Orr Howard
H. C. Hoskell
W. B. Merriam
James H. Hoffman
A. Friedlander
J. Beskowitz
Henry Rice

35

Louis Marshall
Samuel Ustereneyer
M. Warley Platzek
Thomas B. Kerr
Frank C. Loveland
A. B. Humphrey
R. C. Shannon
Appleton D. Palmer

36

James H. Moron
J. T. Lockwood
George W. Stephens
Alfred D. Becken
Frank Dale Warren
A. K. Cooper
A. S. Williams
Julius Weil

37

Henry L. Stoddard
John H. Jewell
L. Seeger
Guest Joseph Corbit
W. G. Donae
J. H. Emery
Isaac Elahorn
Siegmund Oppenheimer

38

George Young
Warren Bigley
Edmund C. Tooker
Herbert S. Carpenter

The Committee is indebted to S. P. AVERY, Esq., for permission to reproduce the medal, bearing the following inscriptions :

(TRANSLATION.)

“Dedicated by the French Democracy to
Lincoln, twice elected President
of the United States.”



“Lincoln, the honest man, abolished
slavery, re-established the Union,
saved the Republic.”



“Without veiling the statue of Liberty,
he was assassinated the
14th of April, 1865.”



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

EMANCIPATOR

MARTYR

BORN FEBRUARY 12TH, 1809

ADMITTED TO THE BAR 1837

ELECTED TO CONGRESS 1846

ELECTED
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1860

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
JANUARY 1ST, 1863

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES, NOVEMBER, 1864

ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14TH, 1865

OFFICERS 1896

CORNELIUS N. BLISS PRESIDENT

VICE-PRESIDENTS

SAMUEL THOMAS

JOHN PROCTOR CLARKE E. W. BLOOMINGDALE

SECRETARIES

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WILLIAM D. MURPHY

Secretary

JAMES PEERS FOSTER

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HENRY GLEASON

MORTIMER C. ADDOMS

J. CLARKE THOMAS

JOHN R. TRESIDDER

ELIHU ROOT

CORNELIUS N. BLISS

Ex-Officio

INVITED GUESTS.

GOVERNOR LEVI P. MORTON.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR CHARLES T. SAXTON.

HONORABLE ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

HONORABLE CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

HONORABLE JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

HONORABLE SETH LOW.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

REVEREND W. E. PARK.

REVEREND DR. W. H. P. FAUNCE.

GOVERNOR WM. O. BRADLEY.

GOVERNOR JOHN W. GRIGGS.

GOVERNOR H. CLAY EVANS.

GENERAL RUGER.

COMMODORE SICARD.

MAYOR W. L. STRONG.

MAYOR F. W. WURSTER.

HONORABLE L. E. CHITTENDEN.

MR. FRANK B. CARPENTER.

MR. H. C. DUVAL.

MR. F. G. HOPKINS.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

HONORABLE BENJ. HARRISON.

TOASTS AND SPEAKERS.



CORNELIUS N. BLISS, President.

Grace, - - - Rev. Dr. W. H. P. FAUNCE.

"Abraham Lincoln," - Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"The Republican Party," Senator JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

"The Home of Lincoln," - Dr. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

"The State of New York," - - Hon. SETH LOW.

"Typical Men," - - Rev. WILLIAM E. PARK.

DINNER

OF THE

REPUBLICAN CLUB.

THE Tenth Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York was given at Delmonico's, Wednesday, February 12th, 1896, on the Eighty-seventh Anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

At the request of the President of the club, ex-President Elihu Root presided, and called upon Rev. W. H. P. Faunce to say grace.

"Our Father, we stand now to receive Thy benediction. We
"thank Thee for the mercies that call us together to-night.
"We thank Thee for the good men and true who have guided
"us on through the perilous hours: for him in whose name
"and memory we are met to-night. May words be spoken
"that will inspire our hearts and uplift us in the days to come.
"Through Jesus Christ we ask it."

❧ Menu ❧

OYSTERS

Soups

Consommé Deslignac Bisque of Lobster
Timbales Dumas

Fish

Salmon, Mariner's Style
Potatoes, Vienna Style

Joint

Fillet of Beef, with Olives
Risotto, Parmesan

Entrées

Capon, Bressoise Fashion
Peas, English Style
Sweetbread Cutlets, Parisian Style
Mixed Beans

SHERBET, SEWARD

Roast

Red Head Ducks

Cold

Foies Gras, with Jelly
Lettuce Salad

Sweets

Crust with Pineapple
Mixed Ice Cream Fruit Fancy Cakes
Coffee

Wednesday, February 12, 1896.

DELMONICO'S.

After the dinner Mr. Root arose and was greeted with long, continued and enthusiastic cheers and applause, and began the speech-making of the evening.

ADDRESS OF EX-PRESIDENT ELIHU ROOT.

Gentlemen of the Republican Club; fellow-countrymen of Abraham Lincoln: (Cheers and cries of "Good.") I am here to-night, not of right, but because urgent and imperative reasons have made it impossible that the President of the Republican Club, Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, should be here until late in the evening. (Three cheers for our President proposed and responded to.) There seems to be a certain fitness in having a President of the Republican Club who is late represented by the late President of the Club. (Cries of "Good!") So, until he comes, I have taken up the familiar gavel which I but recently laid down, and have the privilege of looking around into the familiar faces which have so often greeted me during the past year in friendship and in brotherhood. (Cry of "It is mutual.") It is, indeed, a privilege, though it be for but a few brief moments, to stand before you, and in your name to welcome these distinguished guests and these fair spectators, (applause,) who are here to aid us in doing honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) This is no unfamiliar ground, gentlemen, for the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln. It was here that the citizens of this imperial metropolis extended the hand of friendship to the rude, gaunt Westerner when he made his first appearance before the great public of the Eastern States; and thirty-six years ago, in this month of February, upon the historic platform of our own old Cooper Union, Abraham Lincoln made the great speech which laid the foundation of his national fame. (Applause, and cries of "Bravo!") It was the people of this great State, who, laying aside the wounded feelings and the disappointment which followed the defeat of their own chosen and favorite son, Mr. Seward, at the Chicago Convention of 1860, gave to Mr. Lincoln the most enthusiastic support, and gave to him nearly one-fifth of all the electoral votes which placed him in the President's chair. (Cries of "Bravo!") And from this City of New York went to his support and aid in holding up his

hands, and help to guide him through the victories and the defeats of his great struggle his prime minister, the same William H. Seward. (Applause.) And now the Legislature of the State of New York has declared by its laws that upon the birthday of this great American the people shall cease from their customary vocations, the banks, the business houses, the manufactories, the schools shall close; that the people of this great State, in honor to his name, shall withdraw their attention from the use of the blessings which he has secured to us, to the consideration of the principles which he taught and exemplified, and do reverence to his memory. (Great applause.) I have seen objections made to the action of our State Legislature in making this a State holiday (as it should be a national holiday) because it is too near Washington's birthday—as if it were a question of having a saloon within 200 feet of a church. (Laughter.) But, in the midst of the hurry and rush of our business life, among all the engrossments of money getting and money spending, among all the multitudinous dangers that beset our public existence, that encompass the conduct of our government and the exercise of our rights as citizens, surely no action can be more wise or beneficent than that which enforces upon the people of the State the opportunity to study this great example; and upon this day I hope that for many a year the people of this great State, and the people of all this Union, will lay aside their ordinary cares and duties and fix their minds upon the life and the lessons which Abraham Lincoln has left a precious heritage to his country. (Great applause.) They will recall that intense devotion to the fundamental principles of equality, liberty, and justice, which made him the greatest of all expounders of the doctrine of the declaration of American independence. (Cheers, and cries of "Bravo!") They will recall with what profound and practical philosophy he refuted the arguments and repelled the sneers which would have held that great declaration to be but a mass of glittering generalities, and showed with what terrific force its practical application wrought out, true to the line, the solution of the great question of slavery and of freedom. (Applause, and cries of "Good!") They will recall his intense partisanship, and you always find his partisanship frescoed with the lines of honor, of patriotism, and love of country. (Applause.) They will recall the firm grasp which he had upon every high principle, and the practical sense with which he taught his countrymen that the truest advocacy of principle has its environment in practical force and its application to existing conditions. (Applause.) They will recall the infinite patience and pains with which he wrought out and exemplified that

high capacity for working in conjunction with others, and subordinating self-opinion upon all minor questions in order that there might be a common union for common effort in advancing and attaining the success of legitimate and important principles; (applause;) and they will remember, as we remember to-night, those dark days of his early Presidency, when he stood in his place in Washington, with the armed Confederacy gathering before him, and with a country still doubtful and irresolute behind him, and will resolve that whenever the Chief Executive of this our country is asserting the dignity and the honor of the United States of America against any other power, domestic or foreign, (applause,) party lines shall fade away, and we shall all be Americans and only Americans, supporting the arm of our President. (Great and long continued applause.)

Gentlemen, it was upon the memorial and insistence of this Club that the birthday of this great American has been made a public holiday in this State. We owe to the Legislature our thanks, and the thanks of the people for this one good thing they have done, (laughter and cries of "There are others;") and in the name of the people, not only of this State, but of all these United States, we invoke upon the deliberations of all our legislative assemblies, the acts of all our public officers, the words of those who tread this platform and other similar platforms all over the country for the education and instruction of the American people, the powerful influence, the great example, of that one great American who better illustrates and exemplifies the true spirit of America than any other who has lived. (Applause.) May the youth of America have this day their eyes turned toward him; may they begin to read and understand the profound and practical philosophy of his written and spoken words; may they take to their hearts the great lesson of his self-sacrifice, and, so, under the influence of that great name, may our Republic go on from glory unto glory for the redemption of all mankind to liberty. (Great applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE CHAIRMAN :

Gentlemen, I have trespassed too long upon your attention. I am here merely to string together the pearls of rhetoric which are to follow, and it is my pleasure to introduce to you a gentleman who needs no introduction, who thirty years ago, when the Republican Party was waging its first conflict, and Abraham Lincoln, practicing in the Courts of Illinois, was preparing for his great mission, came out of Yale College, a stripling, almost as gaunt, and as spare, and as awkward as Abraham Lincoln himself (laughter), but who, by the force of no great events, but by the force of his own marvelous personality has attained a position more truly representative of this country than that of any man who has lived in the last quarter of a century. (Cries of "Bravo!" and applause.) A man who, by his own personal magnetism and power, has attracted to him the eyes of all America, and of all the world, as an American, and who represents American humor, American sentiment, American oratory, in a word, Americanism the world over. (Great applause and cries of "Good!") And this young—always young—gentleman from Peekskill will speak to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln. (Great applause.)

Toast—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Celebrations of the anniversaries of heroes and statesmen, of battlefields and significant events, have, as a rule, only an historical interest. They lack the freshness and passion of touch and attachment. It has always been the habit of peoples to deify their heroes. After a few generations they are stripped of every semblance to humanity. We can reach no plane where, after the lapse of 100 years, we can view George Washington as one of ourselves. He comes to us so perfect, full-rounded, and complete that he is devoid of the defects which make it possible for us to love greatness. The same is largely true of all the Revolutionary

worthies, except that the Colonial Dames have raised—or lowered—Benjamin Franklin to the level of our vision by deciding that he was so human that his descendant in the fourth generation is unworthy of their membership. Thank Heaven, we can still count as one of ourselves, with his humor and his sadness, with his greatness and his everyday homeliness, with his wit and his logic, with his gentle chivalry that made him equal to the best-born knight, and his awkward and ungainly ways that made him one of the plain people, our martyred President, our leader of the people, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

The Revolutionary War taught liberty from the top down; the Civil War taught liberty from the people up to the colleges and the pulpits. The Revolutionary struggle was the revolt of property against unjust taxation until it evolved into independence. It was the protest of the leaders in commercial, industrial, and agricultural pursuits against present and prospective burdens. Sublime as were its results, and beneficial as was the heritage which it left behind, there was a strong element of materialism in its genesis and motive. The Civil War threw to the winds every material consideration in the magnificent uprising of a great and prosperous people moved to make every sacrifice for patriotism, for country, and for the enfranchisement of the bondmen. The leaders of the Revolutionary struggle represented Colonial success. Washington was the richest man in the United States. Jefferson and Hamilton, Jay and the Adamses were the best products of the culture of American colleges and of opportunity. In the second period, when the contest was for the supremacy of the principle of the preservation of the Union against the destructive tendencies of State rights, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay represented the American farmers' sons, who had also received the benefits of liberal education. In the third period the protest against the extension of slavery—the war for the Union, with the contributions which came to our statesmanship from the newly settled territories, we had the heroes born in the log cabins. Their surroundings and deprivations were not those of poverty, but of struggle. The great leader was born in the log cabin. A little clearing in the wilds of Kentucky, a shiftless wandering to Indiana, and a repetition of the experience, another shiftless movement to Illinois, with no better results, a neighborhood of rough, ignorant, drinking and quarreling young men, and with no advantages of books, of household teachings, of church influences, of gentle companionship—these were the environments from which came, without stain, the purest character, the noblest, the most self-sac-

rificing and the loftiest statesman of our country or of any country. (Applause.)

The age of miracles has passed, and yet, unless he can be accounted for upon well-defined principles, Lincoln was a miracle. At twenty years of age, dressed in skins, never having known a civilized garment, he was the story-teller of the neighborhood, the good-natured giant who, against rough and cruel companions, used his great strength to defend the weak and protect the oppressed. He thirsted for knowledge, and yet was denied the opportunities for its acquisition, and he exhausted the libraries for miles around, whose resources were limited to five volumes, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Weems's Washington," a short history of the United States, and the Bible. As a laborer upon the farm he was not a success, because he diverted his fellow-laborers from their work with his marvelous gift of anecdote and his habit of mounting a stump and eloquently discussing the questions of the day. As a flatboatman upon the Mississippi he was not a success, because, while he was among the class which delighted to call itself half-horse and half-alligator in the mad debauches on the route and in New Orleans, he was not of them. As the keeper of a country store he was not a success, because his generous nature could not refuse credit to the poor who could never pay. As a surveyor he was a failure, because his mind was upon other and larger questions than the running of a boundary line. As a lawyer he was successful only after many years of practice, because, unless he was enlisted for right and justice, he could not give to the case either his eloquence or his judgment. As a member of the Legislature of Illinois he made little mark, for the questions were not such as stirred his mighty nature. As a member of Congress he came to the front only once, and then on the unpopular side. The country was wild for war, for the acquisition of territory by conquest, and for an invasion of the neighboring Republic of Mexico. When to resist the madness of the hour meant the present, and perhaps permanent, annihilation of political prospects, among the few who dared to rise and protest against war, and especially an unjust one, was Abraham Lincoln.

The orators of all times have had previous orators for their models; but Lincoln formed his style by writing compositions with a piece of charcoal upon shingles or upon the smooth side of a wooden shovel, and copying them afterward upon paper. In this school, poverty of resources taught Lincoln condensation and clearness, and he learned the secret of success in appealing to the people—that is, directness and lucidity. Caesar

had it when he cried: "Veni, vidi, vici!" Luther had it when he cried: "Here I stand; I can do no other: God help me. Amen." Cromwell had it when he cried to his soldiers: "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." Napoleon had it when, before the Battle of the Pyramids, he called upon his soldiers to remember that forty centuries looked down upon them. Patrick Henry had it when he uttered those few sentences which have been the inspiration of the school books since the Colonial days. Webster had it when he said, "Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever." Grant had it when he said, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." And Lincoln had it when he drew to him his people and the men and women of his country by the tender pleadings of his first inaugural, by the pathetic, almost despairing, appeal of his second inaugural, and by that speech at Gettysburg which made every hero who had died a soldier again in the person of a new hero created to take his place by that marvelous invocation. He expressed in a single sentence the principle and the policy of the purchase of Louisiana, and the supremacy of the United States upon the North American Continent when he said, "The Mississippi shall go unvexed to the sea." He added to the list of immortal utterances which go down the ages to lead each new generation to higher planes of duty and patriotism, "With malice toward none; with charity for all."

The reception held by the President day by day was a series of amusing or affecting scenes. He at once satisfied and reconciled an importunate but life-long friend who wanted a mission to a distant but unhealthy country by saying, when all arguments failed, "Strangers die there soon, and I have already given the position to a gentleman whom I can better spare than you." But when a little woman, whose scant raiment and pinched features indicated the struggle of respectability with poverty, secured, after days of effort, an entrance to his presence, he said: "Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?" She replied, "My son, my only child, is a soldier. His regiment was near enough our house for him to take a day and run over and see his mother. He was arrested as a deserter when he re-entered the lines and condemned to be shot, and he is to be executed to-morrow." Hastily arising from his chair, the President left behind Senators and Congressmen and generals, and seizing this little woman by the hand he dragged her on a run as with great strides he marched with her to the office of the Secretary of War. She could not tell where the regiment then was, or at what place,

or in what division the execution was to take place, and Stanton, who had become wearied with the President's clemency, which, he said, destroyed discipline, begged the President to drop the matter; but Mr. Lincoln, rising, said with vehemence, "I will not be balked in this. Send this message to every headquarters, every fort, and every camp in the United States: 'Let no military execution take place until further orders from me. A. Lincoln.'" (Applause.)

He called the Cabinet to meet, and as they entered they found him reading Artemus Ward. He said: "Gentlemen, I have found here a most amusing and interesting book which has entertained and relieved me. Let me read from a new writer, Artemus Ward." Chase, who never understood him, in his impatient dignity, said, "Mr. President, we are here upon business." The President laid down the book, opened a drawer of his desk, took out a paper, and said: "Gentlemen, I wish to read you this paper, not to ask your opinion as to what I shall do, for I am determined to issue it, but to ask your criticism as to any change of form or phraseology," and the paper which he read was the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation which struck the shackles from the limbs of 4,000,000 of slaves. And when the Cabinet, oppressed and overwhelmed by the magnitude of this deed about to be done, went solemnly out of the room, as the last of them looked back he saw this strangest, saddest, wisest, most extraordinary of rulers again reading Artemus Ward.

To-day, for the first time since Lincoln's death, the twelfth of February is a legal holiday in our State of New York. And it is proper that the people should, without regard to their party affiliations, celebrate in a becoming manner the birth and the story and the achievements of this savior of the Republic. But it is equally meet and proper for us who are gathered here as Republicans to celebrate, also, the deeds and the achievements and the character of the greatest Republican who ever lived. This party to which we belong, this great organization of which we are proud, this mighty engine in the hands of Providence for the accomplishment of more for the land in which it has worked than any party in any representative government ever accomplished before, has its teachings and inspirations more largely from the statesmanship and utterances of Abraham Lincoln than from any other man. The first speech he ever made was a speech for that policy which was the first policy of George Washington, the first policy of the greatest creative brain of the Revolutionary period, Alexander Hamilton, the principle of the protection of American industries. With that keen and in-

tuitive grasp of public necessity and of the future growth of the Republic, which always characterized Lincoln, he saw in early life that this country, under a proper system of protection, could become self-supporting; he saw that a land of raw materials was necessarily a land of poverty, while a land of diversified industries, each of them self-sustaining and prosperous, was a land of colleges and schools, a land of science and literature, a land of religion and law, a land of prosperity, happiness, and peace. (Applause.)

Abraham Lincoln would draw the last dollar the country possessed and draft the last man capable of bearing arms to save the Republic. He would use any currency by which the Army could be kept in the field and the Navy upon the seas. When the peril was so great that our promise to pay only yielded 30 cents on the dollar, he prevented the collapse of our credit and the ruin of our cause by pledging the National faith to the payment of our debts and the redemption of our notes and bills at par in money recognized in the commerce of the world. The Republican Party stands for a policy which will furnish abundant revenue for every requirement of the Government, and which will maintain the credit of the United States at home and abroad up to the standard which is justified by its unequalled wealth and power.

All hail the spirit, all hail the principles, all hail the example, the inspiring example, of that man of the people, that wisest of rulers, that most glorious of Republicans, Abraham Lincoln! (Prolonged applause.)

President Bliss entered at the close of Dr. Depew's speech, and, in response to continuous calling, said:

Mr. Bliss: Thank you, gentlemen, for this greeting. I am very glad that I did not apologize for being late to-day, for the chair is so much better filled than I could have filled it, so we will go right on with these proceedings, and no interruption from me, if you please.

The Chairman: Gentlemen, we cannot interrupt these proceedings to gratify a bolting president.

Mr. Bliss: You would not let me bolt.

ADDRESS OF SENATOR JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

THE CHAIRMAN :

We are admonished by the memories that are brought to us to-night in the magnificent address to which we have listened that the days of the old leaders of the old Republican party are swiftly passing away. To-night, upon his way from glorious success in the great commonwealth which merges upon the state of Lincoln one of the ablest lawyers, one of the greatest political leaders, one of the truest Republicans of the great central region of the United States, one of the truest sons of the Republican Party, one of the chief hopes for leadership in that party in the future—upon his way from glorious success in his own state to a field of wider usefulness and grander triumphs at the National Capitol, he has done us the honor to stop for a brief moment to speak to us upon the theme which inspires his heart and awakens our enthusiasm as none other can, “the Republican party.” (Applause.)

And I have the honor to present to you to respond to that toast the great Republican leader of to-day, and of many a future day—the Hon. Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio. (Cries of “Bravo!” and three cheers for Foraker.)

Toast—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies’ and Gentlemen: I sincerely thank you for so kind, so cordial, and so complimentary a greeting. I wish I knew how, better than I do, to make fitting response to it. It seems to me all I can think of to say is simply, I thank you; and that I do with all my heart.

In undertaking to address you, I labor under at least two embarrassments. In the first place, I do not think I ever heard an abler, a more beautiful, a more appropriate speech than that to which we have just listened. (Great applause.) And it seems to me that the very best thing I could possibly do would be to move that we adjourn in order that the impressions made by that address might be left undisturbed upon our minds. Another embarrassment is that I recall, as I un-

dertake to think of something to say in answer to this sentiment, that I once before addressed this same club upon this same subject, and told you then all I knew about it up to date; that cuts me off from the discussion, at least in large part, of the past of the Republican party. But perhaps that is as well as otherwise, for the past of the Republican party really needs that nothing should be said for it. It will take care of itself. It needs no eulogy. (Applause.) It is sufficient to say that it is replete with glorious achievements. The great days, and the great men of the Republican party of the past will forever challenge the admiration of the world. (Great applause.) And as the past is full of glory, so is the present resplendent with triumph. No political party ever before won such victories as we are now enjoying at the hands of those who defeated us, for, in the hour of their ascendancy, has come to us our most signal vindication. The Democratic party in power has been a sore trial for the country, but it has brought to all the rich blessings of experimental education. (Laughter and applause.) As a result, the people of this country know more than ever before of the relative work of Republicanism and Democracy. They know more about our principles and less about theirs. (Laughter.) It is no longer necessary, and there is a great saving in that when we come to the campaign oratory, to make an argument to demonstrate that if you manufacture a product abroad, you do not need to manufacture it here. (Laughter.) And even the most obtuse man can in the light of this experience comprehend that if other countries supply our wants the result is greater activity and prosperity for them, with corresponding idleness and distress for us. We have passed from the troubles of a surplus to the study of a deficit. (Laughter and applause.) We have seen our credit impaired, our currency deranged, and an endless chain of demands and evils, resulting in bond issues, bond syndicates, and bond scandals. (Laughter.)

Without an exception our home policy has brought only rack and ruin, while our foreign policy has been an uninterrupted chapter of disappointment and mortification. To make a long story short, three years of Democratic rule has demonstrated the heresy of Democratic principles, and established the wisdom and patriotism of ours. (Applause.)

They have done more. They have made it manifest that there is absolutely no harmony of opinion among Democrats as to what Democracy means. (Laughter.) You can scarcely find two of their leaders, who can be said to be in strict accord as to what constitutes the Simon pure article. (Laughter.)

They are hopelessly divided upon every great question. We have seen the House quarrel with the Senate; the Senate quarrel with the House; both Houses quarrel with the President, and the President refuse to agree with anybody. (Laughter.)

In the presence of the whole nation, and at a time of the most serious peril and grave responsibility, we have been treated to exhibitions of "party perfidy" and the "communism of pelf," while months passed with nothing done except to demonstrate incapacity to do anything at all, and now, finally, as a sort of grotesque climax to the whole miserable business, we have been called to witness the spectacular performance of the successor of John C. Calhoun, a Senator of the United States from the State of South Carolina, sah, (laughter,) standing up in his place in the most august place on earth, and in the name of statesmanship, to use his own language, "sticking a pitchfork into the big, fat ribs of a Democratic President." (Laughter and applause.) Such experiences as this have made it painfully clear that great, rich, and powerful as our country is, there can be no prosperity unless wisdom, patriotism, and sound business sense are applied in the conduct of its affairs. (Applause.)

Everybody knows, and nobody better than the Democrats themselves, that the Democratic party lacks all these essential requisites of success. (Applause.) As a result, hundreds of thousands of them, preferring country to party, have bolted their organization, and cast in their lot with us. They voted with us last year, and they will vote with us this year. The elections of next November will triumphantly restore the Republican party to power, and the fourth of March, 1897, will mark the beginning of the second era of Republican rule. (Cheers.) One can speak with confidence of past events and of existing conditions. It is seldom that we can forecast without some misgiving the future, but it is safe to predict that certain things will come to pass when the Republican party regains control of the nation. It is safe, I take it, to assume that practically, without dissent or debate, there will be a revision of the tariff on protection lines, (applause,) to the end that our Government may have a sufficient revenue, and our industries and labor a sufficient protection. (Cries of "Good!") With equal unanimity, reciprocity will be restored and made a permanent feature of our commercial policy. With, perhaps, not so much unanimity, but with absolutely as much certainty, the high monetary standard Republicanism has ever represented will be upheld and the currency and banking systems well preserved and perfected. (Great applause.)

I pass all these matters by as undebatable, in order that I

may have time left to speak a few words with respect to two or three other subjects, concerning which the Republican party will have a duty to discharge, about which there may not be so much unanimity, though I hope there may be. The first of these in both thought and importance is our merchant marine. (Applause.) This is a vast and a complicated subject, impossible to be elaborately discussed, or discussed at all, in any proper sense of the word, in an after-dinner speech. I do not refer to it, therefore, for the purpose of discussing it, but only that I may, if, happily, I may be able to do so, favorably attract attention to it. Speaking upon it in this way allow me to remind you that when our fathers had achieved our political independence, and had organized our government, they recognized that their work was not done. They at once undertook the work of securing our industrial and commercial independence also. They succeeded. They accomplished their purpose by simply applying the principles of protection to both land and sea. We are all familiar with the wonders wrought in the development of our resources through the agency of protective duties on imports, but apparently only the limited few are aware that our achievements at home had their complete counterpart on the water. The basic proposition on which the fathers proceeded was that it should be made advantageous to carry goods in American-built ships. (Cries of "Good.") To that end they resorted to discriminating duties in tariff and tonnage. The result was a phenomenal development in ship-building and a marine that carried under the American flag at one time more than ninety per cent. of our imports and almost as large a percentage of our exports. But, as bad luck would have it, they had the theorist with them in that day as we have him with us in this, and then, as now, his favorite theme was Free Trade. He succeeded in persuading Congress to agree with him, and as a result, by a series of enactments ending in 1828, the last vestige of protection for American shipping was removed.

The seductive phrase then employed was not "the markets of the world," or "tariff reform," but "reciprocal liberty of commerce." But it meant, as these modern phrases do, simply free trade—free trade on the ocean—and the application of the doctrine when made brought to American shipping the same blight that has ever attended the application of that doctrine in our experience. Decline at once set in, and thirty per cent. of our foreign carriage had been lost when the war came that swept away twenty-five per cent. more of it. The work of saving the Union and solving the great problems growing out of that struggle, the problems of emancipation,

enfranchisement, reconstruction, and specie resumption, so pressed upon and occupied the Republican party that it had no opportunity to properly address itself to this subject until Mr. Cleveland's first administration was over.

Had President Harrison been re-elected, the probabilities are that something effective would have been done ere this; but he was not re-elected, and the tide had relentlessly run against us, until we now carry only twelve or thirteen per cent. of our foreign trade. It can scarcely be said that we have any longer an American marine. There are a number of views in which this is both discreditable and unfortunate. In the first place there is the patriotic view, the pride every American should feel in seeing his country's flag in all the waters of the world. And then there is the Naval review, a nursery of seamen to man our battle ships in time of war; and then who can over-estimate the value of the employment it would afford to our people and our capital: or the indirect advantages that would result to us from the prestige it would give us in our trade relations.

But consider here for this evening only one feature of it, the direct indisputable financial results. Careful estimates show that we are paying annually more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in gold to foreign ships for the transportation of freight and passengers, every dollar of which should and would be paid to ourselves if our merchant marine was what it once was, or what, if we do our duty, it will be again. (Applause.)

It has been computed that within the last thirty years we have paid out in this way more than five times the amount of all the gold balances which we have been compelled to export. It has gone far enough. The time has come to change it. What is the remedy? A great many have been suggested, some good, some otherwise. I have no time here to enter upon the discussion of them, for the reasons I have already given you, and, therefore, I content myself with the simple declaration that the time has come for this great question to receive heroic treatment. Temporizing expedients will no longer answer.

The first starting point in the whole business is for us to plant ourselves upon the broad, underlying, patriotic proposition that we will not buy but build our ships. (Applause.)

The brand of America must be impressed upon every timber of every craft we sail, (applause,) and we must not relax our efforts until the United States flag again floats over ninety per cent. of our merchant marine. (Cries of "Bravo!") Some necessary bounties and subsidies and subventions are good

enough in their way, but they are distasteful to the American people, and I have no faith in any policy that depends upon them. The practice of the founders of the Republic was wiser and better. Let us return to it. Let us profit by their wisdom and experience. Discrimination in tariff tonnage duties worked wonders once. It will do it again. Put bounties on American ships. Subject the free list of imports to the condition that they are brought into our harbors in American bottoms, under the American flag. (Applause.) Allow a rebate of ten per cent. on all dutiable goods of our own carriage. (Applause.) And when we come to a treaty of reciprocity, engraft upon it as one of its provisions that the goods mentioned in the treaty shall have the benefits of the treaty only on condition that they be carried in the ships of the reciprocating countries. (Applause.) Protect American marine insurance and American shipping from the tyranny, the oppression, the injustice that have been practiced by foreign marine insurance for the third of a century, and the work is done. (Applause.) But, says someone, there are treaty stipulations standing in the way of some of these suggestions. That is true as to some of them, but that only suggests the starting point in this patriotic work. We have experimented with this condition of things long enough. If there be anything standing in the way, it must be modified or abrogated. That is our right; that is our privilege; that is our duty toward the American people. In short, it must be understood, and that is all I want to say about it, that America must be free to take, and hold, and enjoy her rightful place on the oceans that belong in common to all the nations of the world. (Great applause.)

And now, hand in hand with that, goes another duty, a duty that every patriotic heart should sanction, a duty that has been impressed upon us by recent events. We must not only recover our merchant marine, but we must have a navy able to protect it and to command respect for the flag wherever it is. (Great applause.)

And as a fit complement of an American marine and an American navy, we should at once build an American ship canal across Nicaragua. (Applause.) It is incomprehensible that the American people should have been content themselves until now, when sailing ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast have to go ten thousand miles out of the way, around the Horn, through tempestuous seas, and inclement seasons. The commerce of the world demands the building of that canal, and if we do not build it somebody else will build it. Every suggestion of patriotism prompts and commends us to the work. (Applause.) We should not only build it, but control

it. No one else should have any co-partnership in it with us. (Applause.) It should be open to the free use for all peaceful purposes of all other nations, subject to the condition that they pay such reasonable tolls as we may see fit to exact. (Applause.)

These, my Republican friends, not to detain you longer, are three majestic works. They are worthy of the party that saved the Union and gave to immortality the great names of Lincoln and Grant. (Applause.) Their undertaking will be a fit crowning to the closing century, and their consummation will bring wealth, power, happiness, honor, glory, magnificence, and grandeur to the American people, and so entrench the Republican party in the hearts of all this people that neither you nor I will live long enough to see another Democratic President. (Cries of "Good!" and applause, and "Three cheers for Foraker!")



ADDRESS OF DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

THE CHAIRMAN :

One of the most pathetic features of the always pathetic life of Lincoln was the simple faith and credit and love with which the freedmen of the South looked toward their great liberator, and called him by the name of the great Hebrew leader and law-giver, who led the children of Israel out of captivity, as he had led them, and it is fitting that to-night should come to us from the State of Illinois that great teacher and priest of that Hebrew people, to tell us of the home of Lincoln, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I have the honor to introduce to you to respond to that toast, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago. (Great applause.)

Toast—THE HOME OF LINCOLN.

Mr. President, the genius of the English language, said the Frenchman, was very peculiar, and I discover that the Frenchman was right. I am to follow after one in whom Demosthenes and Cicero have found their resurrection, (laughter,) and another one whose wisdom and sound political philosophy justify his elevation to that highest chamber of American legislative bodies into which he will bring a little more than idle talk. I say I am to follow after. That makes me very uncomfortable, for to follow them I would have no hesitancy, their principles are mine, and whither they led I should go; but to follow after at a dinner like this makes me think of the old country parson who advertised as follows: "Wanted a good stout horse to do a poor country minister's work." (Laughter.) I feel like advertising for a good stout Republican horse, not another kind of donkey, to do my work here. If it were not for the fact that we Chicagoans are noted for our modesty, (laughter,) I should crawl into a hole. I may get there before I get through.

It is safe, Mr. President, to assert that to-day, four score years and seven after his advent, and more than three decades after his ascension to glory, Abraham Lincoln belongs to no one State. In the flesh the son of one nation, in the spirit he is proudly claimed and his memory is treasured as a priceless inspiration by all humanity. The whole earth is a willing pedestal to his fame, and the best and noblest of all nations asks for the privilege to garland afresh every year his memorial in their hearts. (Applause.)

In the alchemy of reverence for him the distinctions and differences of geographical longitudes or social hierarchy are dissolved. In royal palaces and baronial manors, museums, though oft they be of trophies won in days when America was still curtained from the ken of seafaring men, and monuments as they are of political systems antipodal to his, the name of the American railsplitter has become a household word, and by rulers is recognized as right to be one of their order, by a sanctification more solemn than heredity could ever confer (Bravo) and the common people untitled and unpurpled from pole to pole, and zone to zone, love and reverence the great American railsplitter. They know that he possessed the spirit of greatness, which comes to but the chosen few; they know that he loved the people and had faith in the national destiny of his own people, a faith that carried him through the fiery furnace of war and rebellion to his apotheosis, the last sacrifice on the altar of our reunited country. (Cheers and applause.) Still, though Lincoln to-day does no longer belong to one State or even to one nation, he has forever linked his name with the State and territory of Illinois. Every great man casts a lustre over the place where his cradle stood. His Mecca to-day is the magnet of all Islam. The patriarchs weave romance and reverence around the caves where their bones were laid to rest, and certainly there is one whose love was broad enough to encompass the whole world, who was so free from the limitations that are the heirloom of all humanity in the flesh that he called himself the "Son of Man," even he, with a heart to which all humanity was pressed, has lent his name and glory to Bethlehem and to Galilee. (Applause.) And so the Bethlehem of Lincoln lies forever in history bathed in the flash of light of his own glory, and so does his Galilee forever find a place in the records of time. He was born in Kentucky. He came to our State at an early period of his life. It was there where he struggled with poverty, not material, but with poverty, spiritual and mental, and conquered the penury of his early days, and changed it by the power of his genius into a wealth unequalled by the learning of the most

famous discoverers that search the stars or fathom the depths of the ocean. (Applause.) It was in Illinois that he first addressed his people from a stump and from the fence; it was in Illinois that he first practiced at the bar of an American Court of Justice; it was in Illinois that that tournament took place, the like of which no minstrel ever sung of, which awoke the Union to a realization of the danger that was approaching—the battle in which Douglas, a foe worthy of the steel of Abraham Lincoln, won the Senatorship, but from which Lincoln went forth to win the Presidency of the Nation at a time when the Nation needed that pilot sent to it by no lesser power than that which we call the power of God. (Tremendous cheering.) It was from Illinois that he set out for the capitol of the Republic, and to Illinois was brought back his mortality, there it sleeps under the very shadow of Illinois' own capitol. Illinois has been favored by the skies and the elements; her soil is rich; her rivers run swiftly; her industries, under Republican government, were active and thrifty; her chimneys many, smoking to heaven; the clanging of the hammer on the anvil is heard in many places; her hamlets are monuments to human ingenuity; her towns are bustling with energy, and her metropolis, ambitious to become the first city of the country, has acted as the representative of the Nation when the Nation invited all of her neighbors to come and witness the marvelous progress made since the days when Columbus discovered this Continent, changing by her ambition a dismal swamp into a dream of beauty—the White City. Yes, Illinois, Chicago, has made glorious a bright page in the history of this Nation and of the world, and, yet, what is the coin that we find in the mines of Illinois? What are the wheat and the barley that grow there? What is the iron that is moulded and wrought there? What the planning, the plotting, the exchanges that are maneuvered in bustling Chicago? Yea, what is the new ambition of Chicago to make full of light the sooty atmosphere of her sky by kindling a new beacon of intelligence and education in her great university? What are all these possessions compared to the one priceless exceptional possession which it enjoys in the ownership of such names as Grant and Logan, as the Guard by the Grave of Abraham Lincoln. (Great applause.) We in Illinois feel that such distinction entails new obligations, especially we of the Republican party of Illinois know that the Nation has the right to expect of us to be worthy of these hallowing memories. It is true that issues which convulsed the time and the age of Lincoln and Seward are decided forever, dead. The men that wore the blue and the men that wore the gray know but one flag, and with the

Stars and Stripes waving over them they spring across the bloody chasm to grasp a brotherly hand and to register the vow to heaven, that should ever that flag be assailed, either from within or without, the veterans from the blue field and the veterans from the gray belt will stand shoulder to shoulder, and conquer by their oft proven heroism and valor the armies of the world for liberty and for freedom. (Applause.)

New duties await us, and new questions ask for solution. We Republicans of Illinois have no doubt that the Republican party with a glorious past has still a more glorious future before it. We know that patriotism, such patriotism as was Abraham Lincoln's, will be the solvent of all perplexities to-day. He was a politician. In these our days we associate with the word politician a sort of a by-meaning, and in consequence politics by the American people are regarded as something unworthy of the citizen of this land. In a Republic every citizen must be a politician as was Abe Lincoln. Private selfishness is sapping the very foundations of our political system. If it be, as Lincoln said, a government by the people, of the people and for the people, the people's will must be ascertained. No one has the right to disenfranchise himself. It is treason to the fundamental principles of our government to stay away from the ballot box and to take no interest in politics. (Great applause.) Of course, if politician is a synonym for coward, if politician means that by hook or crook the will of the people shall be defeated, then there is no word in the catalogue of any language so base as is the idea which is conveyed by that word politician. But was this honest old politician of the old school a coward? He said in Illinois a country divided against itself cannot stand. A house divided against itself cannot stand. This country cannot be half slave and half free, and, thereby had the courage to endanger his chances for the Senatorial seat, but losing the toga of the Senator, he won the laurel wreath of glory and martyrdom in the chief magistrate's chair of the Nation. (Applause.) Our people want honest men. They want from the high place of authority to be instructed and to be guided, guided in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. He was a patriot, patriot not of the jingo school, nor a patriot of that school which is constantly looking about for a scapegoat. We have here in America a ready scapegoat—the foreigner. When we Americans commit any crime, the foreigner stands ready to act as our shield, as the shield of our sinless conscience.

I do not say aught against the stand taken by the orators who preceded me, that in Lincoln there asserted itself the Puritan blood of his ancestral grandsire. To the Puritans this

country owes a great deal. It is the Puritans who have given to this country the backbone of its morality, the unbending backbone sometimes, but if they had given the backbone of our morality, still if this our country is too large to be merely New England, it is the new world, and all nations have contributed toward its wealth. In the Revolutionary days the Germans came to Germantown; the Huguenots to the Carolinas; the Dutch to New Amsterdam. All the nations of Europe contributed of their wealth to our stores. And when old Abraham Lincoln called, in Illinois more than five regiments marched to the song of "We are Coming, Father Abraham," sung not in our English, but in tones in the language of the Fatherland. When he called they all rushed to the defense, and so to-day there is many an American who does not know what that flag means, and there are many who have not by their own choice, but by accident, forfeited their hopes ever to act as Presidential possibilities in the Republican party, who know, though born across the briny deep, that among the symbols of the world there are none so glorious as Old Glory, and who in their household have no religious emblem to which they ascribe such sacramental power as they do to the map of the sky, the stars of the night, the bars of the light, and the white of God's innocence. (Great applause.) To this Americanism must be wedded the Republican party; the Republican party must be wedded to principles that will make our nation industrial independent, and every pledge given by the Nation must be indeed redeemed honestly, for no nation, and especially not a Republican nation, can afford to stand before the world a self-convicted, arrogant and impotent bankrupt. No. We must pay honestly all the pledges that we have ever entered into. (Applause.) To-day in America there is much talk about non-partisanship. An American must be a partisan. Abraham Lincoln was a partisan. Parties are necessary. Some parties seem to receive from God the providential mission to act as the constant No, the terrible negative, and there lies their province. As long as they confine themselves to that province they act for the good of the whole country, for they keep the positive party straight, for fear the old positive party, like old Israel, should wax fat and begin to kick, like so many instruments under God to make the Republican soreheads in exile come back purified and chastened (Applause) to assume again the obligations of positive government. But a party that never knows what it is, and which only knows where it is at when offices are in sight,

that party indeed can no longer be intrusted with the government of the Nation, longer than the rehabilitation morally of the Republican party requires. (Great applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN :

You will observe, gentlemen, that the next toast which is printed upon the programme is the State of New York. It should have been the City of New York. I take this occasion to read to you a letter which has been received by the President of this club, dated from the Executive Chamber at Albany:

Executive Chamber, Albany, N. Y.

My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of the invitation of the Republican Club of the City of New York to attend its tenth annual Lincoln Dinner on February 12th next in New York City.

I am deeply appreciative of the compliment which this invitation implies, and it would give me pleasure to be present and meet the many old friends who will be assembled on this interesting occasion. The pressure of my public duties, however, added to engagements already made for about the date of this banquet, precludes my acceptance, and I am therefore regretfully compelled to decline.

Permit me to tender to the club the assurance of my good wishes, coupled with the hope that it will survive for many years and be foremost in the inculcation and dissemination of the principles to which America's first martyr President devoted his life.

Very truly yours,

LEVI P. MORTON.

To William D. Murphy, Secretary.

February 7th, 1896.

Gentlemen, I ask you to rise and drink to the health of Congress, our Minister in France, our Vice-President, our Governor, and we hope our President-to-be, Levi P. Morton. (Tremendous cheering.)

ADDRESS OF HON. SETH LOW.

THE CHAIRMAN :

Now, gentlemen, the regular toast is the City of New York. The gentleman to respond to it needs no introduction to a New York audience. If you would know what he is, if you find his monument erected during his natural lifetime, you may go to those stately edifices which are arising upon the heights that look down upon the Hudson on the one side and the Harlem upon the other, light of science and culture for all our people for all time to come. Nay, more; you may look amid the constantly growing edifices of good government of the great municipalities gathered around this metropolitan centre into which he has interwoven the strands of his own good citizenship, sound judgment and patriotic self-devotion for these many years. (Applause.) And it will be the pleasure of all of us to listen to one of the best citizens, one of the best Republicans, one of the best Americans, our fellow townsman, President Low. (Great applause and three cheers for President Low.)

Toast—THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Republican Club: The name of Lincoln certainly from many points of view is the typical American name. Mr. Brice, the English historian, once said to me that if the United States of America had never contributed anything to the world but the figure of Abraham Lincoln they would have justified their right to be. (Great applause.) I was much interested the other day in a phrase I read from the pen of Mr. Howells, who I see is present this evening. He said that a cultivated foreigner, a cultivated foreign-born citizen, in order to complete his naturalization must be able to pardon our crudeness for the sake of our earnestness. Testing that sentiment by Lincoln as a type, how true it is. Ungainly in appearance, wholly unpolished in manner, Abraham Lincoln by his supreme earnestness, by

his humor, his simplicity, his candor, his courage and his great human heart, made manhood everywhere think more highly of himself, as though the country of Lincoln was saying to the world through him: Ungainly and unpolished we may be, but what we believe in we are strong to contend for and ready to die for, and what we supremely believe in is freedom and opportunity for every living man. (Applause.)

I want to ask you to give a moment's thought to that incident in Lincoln's career to which Mr. Depew alluded. His first set speech in Congress was a denunciation of the Mexican War. He constantly voted for supplies for the Army, and as constantly he denounced the war. As Mr. Depew said, he was misunderstood. Even many of his best friends could not appreciate the distinction that he made. He made a marked distinction between the support of the government in the conflict in which the country was engaged and the support of the government in the steps that led up to that conflict. The fact that Lincoln made that distinction, and that he uniformly made it, seems to me to be one of the evidences of the conscientiousness, the clearness of thought, and the courage of utterance, that made him in the course of the country's peril the natural leader of the people, and that makes him to-day the typical American whom we would have all men emulate. I think there is a lesson in that incident for our own times, because in the light of a recent incident, many people saw fit to dissent from the action taken by the President and Congress. It was loudly charged that they were disloyal. Gentlemen, it seems to me that for such men, for the men who disapproved not to have dissented then, would have been disloyalty, as it would be disloyalty in one and all not to support the government to the uttermost in an hour of need. It is only by such fearless utterances when it is hard to make them that thoughtful public opinion is framed. And I plead by Lincoln's example for that generous faith in the loyalty of men who to-day or in any day bravely speak the unpopular word, that the contemporaries of Lincoln so fortunately displayed in him.

Gentlemen, you are told that I am to speak for the City of New York. I see that I am announced to speak for the State of New York. That indicates confusion of thought, not uncommon certainly in the minds of our rural brothers. (Laughter.) I have seldom known them to draw the line of distinction closely between the city and the State. One is sometimes tempted to feel that their uniform failure to recognize the limitations of home rule in the city is only to be accounted for somewhat on the line of the statement by one of our professors of literature in regard to one of his fellow craftsmen—he said

that his ignorance was so phenomenal that it was impossible to believe that he had acquired it all in his own lifetime. (Laughter.) He was sure that some of it must be hereditary. (Laughter.)

If I had known that I was expected to speak for the State of New York, I should have been glad to have said: How proud we are, how glad we are, we men of New York, that in the person of Seward we stood side by side with Illinois as embodied by Lincoln throughout the great struggle in preserving the Union. But really, gentlemen, the State of New York has spoken for itself. This public holiday, the absolute cessation from business of six millions of people, is an eloquent utterance that surpasses anything that could fall from my lips. (Applause.) That is, in this tribute to this great American. (Cries of "Good! Good!")

In the presence of his Honor the Mayor, I am hardly less embarrassed in attempting to speak for the City of New York, and yet I remember two things that encouraged me to try. In the first place, that by his kindness I was once before privileged to speak for the city; and then I recall, Mr. Mayor, when it was my own lot to be responsible for a great city, I was sometimes glad if an innocent man could be found who would answer for me and for the city. (Laughter and applause.) And so I ask you to suffer me a single word about the city. One or two things I want to say for and of the city that have been borne in upon me during these last few weeks. A man may well distrust his competence to answer for such a city. Like the Army of the Potomac, it only needs the right leader in a good cause to be irresistible. Like the country at large, the city is capable of pouring out its money and its blood like water for what it believes in, and, therefore, it is worthy in the best sense to be thought of and to be gloried in as an American city. It is common sometimes to hear the city decried as un-American, to hear it spoken of as an European annex, to hear it alluded to as only a money centre, as though all its thoughts were given up to money, and as though it was not the great throbbing heart of American commercial life and the proud defender of American financial honor. (Cries of "Good! Good!" and applause.) Now, gentlemen, they who say those things do not know the City of New York. I venture the statement without fear of contradiction that no city in the land is doing to-day more characteristically American work than the City of New York. Nowhere else on so large a scale, nor on the whole with more success, are the vast emigrant populations of Europe being converted into the orderly and liberty-loving American citizens. I do not say that they

have been taught, as yet, to carry the art of city government to a highly successful issue, although they have made, I believe, most promising beginnings under conditions at large that make the problems of city government here harder than in any city of the civilized world. But orderly and good American citizens the city does make out of the swarming populations of every European country. At home, these same people are kept in order by standing armies; in the City of New York, they maintain public order for themselves, and a good woman is safe from insult in the streets by day or by night.

By what wizardry is this accomplished? By the power of American institutions working in and through the City of New York. Therefore, it is clear that New York is pre-eminently an American city, because it is doing pre-eminently this characteristically American work. Indeed, curiously enough, the city makes about itself precisely the opposite mistake. Whereas the rest of the country, in its scoffing mood, calls New York a European annex, the city is so satisfied of its Americanism and so conscious of its size and power that it often mistakes its own opinion for the opinion of the country. This view is as far from the truth as the other.

What I conceive to be the real fact is this: That the City of New York is the United States in contact with Europe. Here more readily than elsewhere, we may see ourselves as others see us. Here, more than in most places, we can put ourselves in the place of another people and see with their eyes as well as with our own. No doubt such a community may need the corrective of a public opinion that is native to the soil and that is less in touch with other nations. I am glad, therefore, that New York is not the whole of the United States. Nevertheless, it is equally true that New York can contribute to American public opinion elements that cannot be dispensed with, and that should not be belittled or despised.

In particular New York is entitled to speak with power as to those things that enter largely into its own life. Such a matter is the currency. The exchanges of New York reach every hamlet in the United States, and they respond no less to every throb of the cables that encircle the globe. What are the words that come to us to-day over these cables? They come in the form of a simple but significant and fundamental question. What is a dollar? Is it so many grains of gold or is it so many grains of silver? That is to say, is it 100 cents in gold, or 100 cents in silver worth 68 cents in gold? In other words, it is a question of our standard of value. Until this question is settled, New York is obliged to say to the Nation that

there can be no genuine prosperity in its internal commerce or its external commerce.

The pregnant words of Lincoln as to slavery may readily be adapted to the condition of our currency. A standard of value divided against itself, that is to say, as to which there is doubt, cannot stand. I believe a system of currency cannot endure based, in popular conception, on two inconsistent interpretations of the national obligations. I do not expect our currency to be dishonored; I do not expect the fair fabric of our national finances to fall; but I do expect there will cease to be any doubt whether a dollar signifies so many grains of gold or so many grains of silver of much less value. (Applause.) It will become all one thing or the other. A few years ago when it was contended that money might be made by the government at will, out of paper, the Republican party took that heresy by the throat and laid it at rest in a single campaign. Now is the Republican party's new opportunity to say once more to every laboring man in the United States: "The dollar you earn is so many grains of gold in value. As it was not paper, so it is not silver. The labor you give is equal to the best, and if the Republican party has the opportunity to say so, you shall be paid in dollars that are worth their weight in gold the world over." (Applause.)

Mr. President, I have been glad to accept your invitation to speak at this dinner to-night, because I confidently expect that the Republican party will show itself now, as it has so often in the past, the conservator of the country's financial prosperity and honor. I cannot believe that the party of Lincoln will palter with a situation that compels us to borrow, in a time of profound peace, hundreds of millions of dollars in order to be able to pay to the working man a dollar worth 100 cents in gold instead of a dollar worth but 68 cents in gold in a much less value. I honor the brave President who has authorized the loans and I marvel that his own party does not support him.

But I turn with the eyes of hope to the great party that in the past has so often stood between this country and irretrievable disaster. (Applause.) The Republican party, by all its traditions, is bound to deal with this problem of the currency frankly and courageously. Let it nominate for its highest honors some man who is ready to say, as Lincoln was wont to do, what he believes as to this question that vitally affects every man, woman and child in the Republic. (Applause.)



ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM E. PARK.

THE CHAIRMAN :

Gentlemen, in every campaign after we here have been fighting sometimes against overwhelming odds we look with straining eyes to the great Republican majorities which roll down the Valley of the Mohawk and the Hudson and make up for the deficiencies of the people of New York. These majorities come because in the interior of this State the morality, the virtue, the religion of the people are allied to Republican principles, because to their support go not only the merchant, the farmer and the laborer, but the clergymen and the moralists, and it is fitting that we close the regular exercises of this evening by listening to one of the leading religious teachers of the centre of the State, one of those clergymen who always stand by the great principles of the Republican party, the Rev. William E. Park.

Toast—TYPICAL MEN.

Mr. President, gentlemen of the Republican Club: As a speaker this evening I feel myself to be under some especial disadvantages. I have not the environment which the rest of you have. I have come from the section of the country that may be considered more rural. I do not often have an opportunity to listen to such speakers as you have listened to to-night, and I feel a little bewildered under such intoxicating influences, an influence to which you are accustomed (laughter); but to me it is very new. And if in my mind there should be any element of confusion from my situation, let me quote two lines of a poem that I saw in the New York "Tribune" after a dinner when a man came home in a con-

fused state of mind; his wife accused him of something that he was not guilty of and he replied

“ You think me with whisky
My brain is bedewed,
You mistake me, my dear,
I am Chauncey Depewed.”

And, being a minister, I look out for Scriptural fulfillment. Why, the psalms are getting realistic to me. The last speaker personified those illustrious words of David, “ Lo, I come ” (laughter), and I feel myself under some embarrassment and have something the sensation of a cat in a strange garret when I, a poor minister, am placed in contact with such statesmen, men whose names go all over the country and whose pictures are seen in every edition of the New York dailies. For there is no mistake about it, a minister is most shamefully misunderstood at times. I knew a pious mother that was explaining to her little girl the condition of the Holy Martyrs thrown to the lions. She was misunderstood. Said the little one: “ Ma, that little lion out in the back corner isn’t getting nothing.” (Laughter.)

And then again a minister is misunderstood most shamefully in his professional labors. I knew a minister at one time who exchanged with one of his clerical brethren, and during the most powerful passages of his eloquence he saw a woman dressed in black who was soaking her handkerchief with her tears. He learned her name and he inquired her residence; he called upon her the next day, desiring to apply the sermon to her mind, but with a sort of secret squint of the eye, hoping that he might get a compliment for his discourse. “ I called, madam,” said he, “ because I saw you were deeply affected during my discourse yesterday afternoon.” “ I was, I was, very much.” “ And I called to see if it could not be applied to your condition; and if I could not follow up the sermon by some practical remarks.” “ You are so kind, sir, I will take you into my confidence. I am a widow woman, as you see by my dress and manner; but I had a cow that I thought the world of; and I spent all my time a feeding that cow and a stroking that cow and a patting that cow and talking to that cow, and it really begins to take the place of my husband (laughter). And the cow’s name is Nellie, and day before yesterday I couldn’t find Nellie anywhere, and I went to the barn, walked in and she was not there, and I says, ‘ Where is Nellie?’ and I remembered there was a pond and quagmire around the house, and I went there and my worst fears were more than realized,

there was Nellie going down and down, and I couldn't see anything but her horns and the line of her back and her tail, and said I, 'Farewell, Nellie, farewell, Nellie,' and she raised her head out of the mud and gave one last bellow of farewell to me, and your voice yesterday afternoon did sound so much like it" (laughter and renewed laughter), and she broke down again and tears began to roll down her cheeks. But now, gentlemen of the club, let us get at business. (Laughter.)

I am to speak on the subject of typical men, and I want to know if you cannot join me in doing a little historic work. It may take a little thought; but what is anything worth without thinking or what conclusion is worth anything which we arrive at without some exertion. I hold that ideas are eternal; but men change, and ideas are beautiful only as they incarnate themselves in men and representative men. The interest of an age is sometimes centered in a single man, like Cicero or Charlemagne, and we behold a planet. Sometimes it incarnates itself in a set of men and we behold a brilliancy or a set of asteroids; sometimes the genius of the age incarnates itself in many divine men moving together, and we behold the luminous galaxy like the Nebulae, which is the result of the net returns by stars and planets by the thousand. I am to speak of some of the representative men of the ages at critical periods in the history of the world. I suppose that about the middle of the first century the Roman power had incarnated in itself the whole civilized world. Rome was victorious by sea and land, her helmets glittered on every shore, her lances and swords sparkled in every sun then shining on the earth. All opposition to the Roman power had died away from the mind of sensible and practical men, opposition to Rome was only the part of the fool, the crank, the fanatic. The institution of slavery was at that time considered to be reasonable and thoroughly wise. It was the method by which the strong men could oppress the weak, and it was considered to be the best ordinary and established method of making use of the lower orders of society. The whole idea was that the capitalist should own the stock and the labor, and one had no more scruple in dealing in his fellow men commercially than he would in handling goods or any regular product of commerce. The idea of the world was unbroken, but on one day there appeared on the summit of Mars Hill an old man, of bodily presence weak, and of speech contemptible; and Athens, the old historic rock from which the Persians had hurled their missiles, which they expected to result in the enslavement of Greece, and five hundred years before a man stood around the base of Mars Hill, and said those extraordinary words,

"That God hath created of one blood all nations of men." Perhaps, being a minister, I think unduly of this passage, but, after some study of history, I am inclined to attribute to it a stupendous political importance. It was the first codified statement of the equality of man, an idea which had been foreshadowed and implied in the teachings of Jesus Christ; but now it was distinctively formulated by the great Apostle. A seed of thought was planted in the mind of the world, a seed of thought that never died, because I shall endeavor to show it was in an American President the fulfillment of the direction of the Apostle found final and practical realization. Twelve centuries roll away. Mighty changes have occurred. The vast and colossal Roman Empire fell, crumbled into fragments. She had been dispelled by the milder—milder but stronger—forces of granite, for the Roman Empire was, after all, of the earth earthy.

It was material, and material things live because the world cannot get on without them. The pyramids of Egypt are left to grow old and hoary, and the monuments of Egypt are as a fossil on the Nile, for men can easily do without them. They cannot do without moral truth. They cannot do without the eternal idea. But when the vast Roman Empire rolled down, shivered into fragments, each fragment became a little kingdom in itself, and Rome broke into feudalism. Men were too busy with their feuds to see where the real interest of the world lay, and the wise men of the time did not turn their eyes to the little colonies in the northeast corner of Europe, where were gathering the influence that would result in another colossal dominion. Then I claim that it is said that God uses the talents and ability of men to still greater degree, and it is interesting to see how the world has been benefited by certain co-ordinations and mutual relations, of the weakness and strength. The Norman King, Plantagenet Kings from the time of William the Conqueror, had been men of consummate ability; the Kings of France had been slothful, imbecile and cowardly, but one King of France, Philip Augustus, was a consummately, supremely able man and the Roman Pontiff Innocent III. was at that time the most capable and the most determined man among public characters then living. It occurred to the Barons of England, who for some time had been getting and growing stronger, that with some assistance from the Roman See they might be able to wring from that wretched King John, who was a vile old imbecile and dastardly coward, some concessions of his very dearest privileges. They assembled their vassals and they met him upon the plain of Runnymede. It was, and must have been a scene romantic

beyond description as the Barons moved to and fro, their helmets and chain mail glistening in the sun, their plumes waving. The great charter was prepared—a great charter which, in my opinion, had the germs of the liberation of England; ultimately of America and the whole Anglo-Saxon race. It was provided there that the villeins, or the serf, and half the people of England, were then serfs, should never have the cart or the plow attached for a debt. It was provided that no man should be condemned without the judgment of his peers—the beginning of the trial by jury. It was provided that the nobles might come at the call of the King, and tenants at will, it was the embryo House of Lords and House of Commons. In the name of the Barons Sir Philip Fitzwalter demanded of the wretched King that he sign the instrument. King John hesitated and Sir Philip Fitzwalter very leisurely drew his sword. The great document is signed, the liberties of the Saxon race are secured and England owes more to the weakness of her King at that time than the transcendent abilities of monarchs who came before and followed after. (Applause.)

Five centuries roll away and mightier yet are the changes. The spirit of enterprise engrafts herself in Columbus. It was about that time that Johann Gutenberg invented the movable type, which give, as we say, wings and legs to idea.

Soon after that—soon by the historic period there were settlements along the Atlantic seaboard, where about thirteen independent States were strung upon a slender level along the eastern seacoast and slowly groping up to the Alleghenies. The colonies had learned by successful repulsion of invasions by the Indians and French, something of their power and begun to find out something of their own resources; the stupidity of the English Government at this crisis surpassed all belief. The glorious age of Chatham had passed away and Lord North led the King in their feeble councils. With inconceivable folly the British Government, by enacting the Stamp Act, irritated and enraged the colonists and lost a hold on all the hope of future America for the sake of a tax that was not worth \$60,000, if it could have been collected. By the duty of 3d a pound on tea she irritated the colonists by a tax from which she never derived \$50 in actual value, and at last by the inconceivable folly of bringing on a little skirmish called the Battle of Lexington she lost her hold on the continent for the sake of securing thirty-six barrels of gunpowder that she never got after all. (Laughter.) The typical men of the time appeared in the Continental Congress: and by the exigency of the time suddenly lifted into supreme power, they met to launch a new nation into the world, and in what

world did they launch it. Mighty events had been formed and were about to be. Frederick the Great walks with tottering steps in the gardens of San Souci; he thinks of Luther and Rossbach, the great drill sergeant of Europe; thou shalt next think of the grave. Maria Theresa, all faithful and anxious for the end, walks the gardens of Shonbrunn, in Prussia; Catherine II. is passing away amid the glitter of her own ice palaces in Moscow. There is a strong man that appears in France, now at Strasburg and now at Metz; his name is Gabriel Honore Riqueti as well as Comte de Mirabeau. He is obscene and low-lived, but he will shake thrones. The great apostle of skepticism had just died, the Marquis de Voltaire. He aimed to attack superstition, but before he was through he waged war on faith itself. There were existing then two remarkable boys, one upon the Island of Corsica, and another one, Arthur Wellesley, in the strife in Egypt. The one would be like the volcano sending its bolts up into heaven, and the other was fated to be the gravity that drew them down. And in America mighty changes were beginning, and the Continental Congress, early in June, began to adopt the subject of separation. The final moment was reached, and at last, although the guiding mind of the movement, George Washington, was encamped by the City Hall Park, in this city, very near to where we now are, the assembly was had through the minds of Thomas Jefferson, with assistance from Adams and from Franklin, who acted through the hand of John Hancock. There was deliberation in that great moment when a nation came into life, and with the message, the usher of the Congress said to the boy in waiting: "Tell the man to ring," and the man in the belfry shook the old bell upon which was engraved the words "Proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants thereof." The new nation was born and a new hemisphere was detached from the old conservatism of Europe, and the history, and the future of the world, leaving the past to the old world, the future of the world and that of mankind was in the hand of the United States forevermore. (Great applause.)

I shall say what I think. What else can I say? I do not know but that our fathers have been in some respects overpraised. They liberated the continent, but imperfectly. It was not all done. It is something grotesque to see that they never noticed the inconsistency of freeing one race and allowing that race to enslave another. Now, the logic of the situation is that if you tie a chain around the neck of the slave you tie the slave to you, but you are attached to him and the other end of the chain is around the master's neck also.

Gentlemen, it is a peculiarity of work in this world that im-

perfect effort, or whatever may be accomplished by it, always leaves the imperfection as the most active and prominent feature. You have a shoe made of the finest materials, but there is one interfering peg or nail; all your attention is fixed upon the defective part. (Laughter.) You do not notice the merits of the rest. It was just so with the American Constitution that trouble came from the imperfect work. Just as the trouble of the Israelites, when they reached the promised land there came the Hittites and Philistines, whom they failed to subdue at the proper time. It is singular to see how rapidly and how thoroughly slavery displaced all other political questions and placed itself before the world and the country as the one living issue. I do not know but that the next generation feared the inevitable war a little too much. Perhaps they were timid in trying to postpone doing, but it was very natural. There was a whole age of compromise, but Clay, Webster and Thomas Benton never did fairly convince the world that that which was morally wrong could be politically right. An obscure man then declared before the Illinois Legislature that the Union could not exist half slave and half free, and the prophecy of Cassandra was for the time being unnoticed. Wise men began to see that the country could be settled only by the bloodiest war, but where is the pilot who can guide the ship through the coming storm, and who is the one that will lead us in the gigantic contest? Far away on the prairies of the West the man was preparing, and when the tail of bricks is accomplished there was a master who had been trained and was ready to come. The spirit of a coming which had incarnated itself some years before in a typical man, who was born about as far from great things as any one well could be. I do not know a character in history that shows so great a difference between his early promise and the immense subsequent result. The genius of civilization passed by the men of the schools, the learned, the high and the mighty, and she incarnated herself in a railsplitter, a raftsmen on a flatboat, an unsuccessful merchant and dealer in stories, rather more pointed than refined, and a man who began life as a laborer, and finally as a lawyer, found perhaps from the working of his own conscience and moral nature very limited success at the beginning of his profession. But I hold, Mr. President, the peculiar and matchless spirit of Lincoln over all the men of his time was in his capacity for measureless growth. There was in him the indefinable, subtle and literally limitless expansion. He resembled the Afreet in the Arabian story, chained down and penned into the bottle of smoke; you would look first and say why a little can hold the

whole of him, but the smoke ascended to the heavens and lo! we have the Afreet whose feet are on the earth and whose head seems to brush the very stars of heaven.

The vast expansion of Lincoln's character came from his extraordinary moral character and his extraordinary intellectual nature. I say his extraordinary moral nature. For it is an idea of mine, and I believe it is true, that the moral faculties can be just as much a seat of genius as the intellectual. There was in Lincoln an honesty, a candor of nature, a love of the right, a certain reality, a sense of the real, that made him the best adapted of any man of his time to burst the bubble, to shake down the shame, to come to real point and essence of the fact. There was not one in his time that excelled him in a certain ability to take all the complications of a situation, throw some conditions away as so much mere chaff and stand and put his finger directly on the hinging point. With this there was a marvelous power of what I call clear, explicit statement; a wonderful skill in the writing, plotting, and arranging of his ideas; an ability to put things before other minds in a way to carry his point so that while he appeared to feel he was invisible, and unconsciously the leader and left men to follow him under the pleasing delusion that they were only carrying out their own minds (applause); he had drawn his resources from others, but more from himself. Surrounded by the coarse companionship, the eye of genius could see objects invisible to other minds; he enriched his mind from the half dozen books that he could get, and it was a mercy to him that he only had half a dozen, for he was able to master them. He was trained in ways that he knew not for his great position, and, as in the case of the Barons and King John, the very deficiencies of Lincoln were favorable to his success. Gentlemen, very often men owe success to a mere deficiency. It was that that made the military strength of Grant and the Duke of Wellington, that they had almost no imagination, and they were never deceived by fears or mistakes in the future. Lincoln's want of conventional refinement brought him nearer to the heart and made him more popular with the masses, and there was a kind of slowness in the workings of his mind, because he was a Caesar, that had to take the people constantly into partnership. It was not possible, as we see now, to get the victory too soon, he had to wait until the people came to his way of thinking. He was moving on to destinies of which he suspected nothing. There was no one that ever saw where he would ultimately be. He was an enigma to those around him, for he spoke the last word of the new movement and no one could yet read it. He was obliged to incorporate himself with the great political

revolution until he fairly obliged the revolution to incorporate itself in him. (Applause.)

The key of the situation was in the hand of this remarkable man, though he did not know it. A succession of astonishing events, combinations of his own ability and the vital force of circumstances, wafted him into the place of power. From the standpoint of national observation he discovered what had undoubtedly been undiscovered for a long time before, that all the troubles, delays and difficulties of the country centered in slavery, and he made up his mind that slavery must go. He was not assisted much. He treaded the winepress alone. There is something more than in one self-contented man thinking out himself the whole problem of the country and curing the disease of the age. He was strong and he was yielding. He had not strength like a stone buttress, but rather that of the wire cable. On the 21st of September, 1862, he met his cabinet, and, as has been said, he read them a page or two of Artemus Ward; it was one of the grandest efforts in the history of the world—the meeting of that cabinet was on a par with the Declaration of Independence or the meeting of the Barons at Runnymede; and then he showed them a draft of a proclamation, to be adopted without debate as to its essential points, that slaves were to be made free on an appointed day. At the suggestion of Secretary Seward he waited, and wisely, until he could connect his mighty movement with some sort of a victory. The Battle of Antietam occurred as a fact; the proclamation was made known upon the 22d day of September, and it went into effect in January of the following year. I do not know whether history ever shows a movement that was more thoroughly wise or more consummately adroit. It exposed the rebels' position completely; it put them before the world as the avowed defenders of the vilest institution on the face of the earth, and of foreign government and who would try to assist them must pose themselves before the world as defenders of slavery alone. Moral victory. A new heart in the nation, sprung from the national indorsement of the right side; the strong army of Ulysses Grant was the hand that carried out the magnificent Lincoln thought. Glorious nation! Victories followed in succession, Vicksburg was broken down and the Mississippi swept unretarded to the sea; and on the 1st of January, 1863, or as soon after as war could effectuate it, slavery disappeared from the United States, a few years after it disappeared from the whole civilized world, and the fulfillment of the Apostle Paul's prophecy, "God hath created in one blood all nations of men" found its realization

in that tremendous thought of the railsplitter of Illinois. (Great applause.)

That was the beginning and the end of the slavery question. Gentlemen of the Republican Club, we may approach another; we think too much of epochs. They only indicate the last of a succession of steps. The long hand of the clock runs over fifty-nine minutes, it passes another minute, and we count time from another hour; the last minute would have no importance if it were not for the fifty-nine that went before it. The epoch is approaching now; the epoch is eternal. I am interested as a minister in the doctrine of apostolic succession. I do not believe in the succession by the laying on of hands, but I do believe in the transmission of a hero. Ideas are eternal. But men who incarnate the ideas ever change. Gentlemen of the Republican Club, the spirit of the apostle on Mars Hill, the spirit of the Barons of Runnymede, the spirit of the Continental Congress, the spirit of Abraham Lincoln is with you. You are the heirs of it and it is for you to carry it on. It is the glory of a past example that can be adapted to new issues and to changing conditions. It is beneath us, gentlemen, to be guilty of the folly to endeavor to imitate the technical acts of a hero, but we can make his spirit immortal. It would be folly to run into the Red Sea because the Israelites did; the waves might not divide, and we would only get drowned. It would be folly to set apples on little boys' heads and begin shooting at them with bow and arrow because William Tell did. It would be perfect folly to get a hatchet and run around chopping down cherry trees and then go and say "Father, I can't tell a lie," because George Washington did. That kind of imitation is the imitation of a fool, but the spirit of these heroes can be incarnated in us, and we can go on doing what they would do if they were in our places and in our situation. You talk of the glorious history of the Republican party! I talk of its glorious future. All that it has done is nothing as to its future possibilities. I believe in comparison with what it shall be, it is only a baby or a little bundle of political possibilities yet. Let us never cease to blow. Let us never haul down the American flag while there remains a political difficulty to be confronted or while there remains a political problem yet to be solved. The Democratic party in this city has made an effort indeed to put away Tammany. Cannot the Republican party improve herself? Cannot the party of Lincoln, and Garfield, and Blaine, and Grant, and Chase, and Sumner shake off the last remnants of bossism? (Applause.) We know that Adam started his administration well and Eve ran it out. Mr. President, would you have the forbearance,

and you, gentlemen of the Republican Club, to only let me quote one line of the immortal Milton:

“The flowery Platt and the sweet rose of Eve.”

We must advance, advance in a strength that is invincible and with a power that is literally without limit, advance to the consideration of currency, of financial questions, of questions of the laborer, of striking the exact balance between free trade and protection, an intensely difficult problem; and all the political and social woes of mankind on this hemisphere look to us for their renovation. The time has come for a great advancement.

If you are familiar with Walter Scott's novel of *Ivanhoe*, you will notice in the siege of the castle, you remember, just as Sedric was about to make his way into the opposing ranks there appeared before him a wretched old woman and said to him, “I am Saxon, do you know me?” “Know you?” said he, “you are Ulricka, the daughter of the Saxon lord of this castle, and, oh, you have lived as the concubine of Front de Boeuf, the Norman conqueror, and when your father and your brothers died defending their home and masses were said in every church in England, you were content to live in sin and in shame; contemptible hag, I wish I had my sword that I might kill you.” But she replied, “However I have lived, I die well. When you see the red flag on the battlements, press the enemy's heart.” On the next day the attacking party advanced under the leadership of the Black Knight, who was no other than Richard Coeur de Lion, and suddenly they saw the red flag on the battlements and descried a little blue smoke ascending from the castle roof—the hag had set the castle on fire, the storming party advanced, the awful blows of Richard Plantagenet were heard on the postern door, and in a short time the poor feudal baron was leveled to the ground. It is a time for present great advancement; I see the red flag, the signal for action. I see the blue smoke that indicates the combustion of our political companions curling up into the heavens. It is a time for the grand advance, and may the battle axe of Republicanism shiver in pieces all vestiges of party tyranny and lead us forward into the glorious, all pervading freedom which under the leadership of that mighty party I believe we are permitted and decreed to attain. (Cheers and applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN :

Gentlemen, with this fitting conclusion of this extraordinary festival of great thought and noble impulse, we now adjourn.

